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THE LIBERATOR.

VOL. I.] WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON AND ISAAC KNAPP, PUBLISHERS. [NO. 23.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.]

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE MANKIND.

[SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1831.

THE LIBERATOR

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W. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

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THE LIBERATOR.

‘To pray and kidnap! to commune and rob men’s all! to preach justice, and steal the laborer with his recompense! to recommend mercy to others, and exhibit cruelty in our own conduct! to explain religious duties, and ever impede the performance of them! to propound the example of Christ and his Apostles, and declare that a slaveholder imitates them! to enjoin an observance of the Lord’s day, and drive the slaves from the temple of God! to inculcate every social affection, and instantly exterminate them! to expatiate upon bliss eternal, and preclude sinners from obtaining it! to unfold the woes of Tophet, and not drag men from its fire! are the most preposterous delusion, and the most consummate mockery.’

GEORGE BOURNE.

AN ABLE REPLY.

The following truly admirable defence is from the pen of an individual, of whose talents and estimable qualities we have before written in commendatory terms. Will the really honest and benevolent supporters of the colonization crusade give it a candid perusal? Our colored friends, we are sure, will heartily coincide with the manly sentiments of their brother.

To the Editor of the Liberator.

MR. EDITOR—I have just found time to notice a few very exceptional features of a communication over the signature of ‘A Marylander,’ published, a few days ago, in the American of our city. The writer is unquestionably entitled to the credit of being a thorough-going colonizationist. He writes in the true spirit of the cause. He seems to be under an excitement produced by the publication of our anti-colonization resolutions. This being the case, it is not to be expected that he would, throughout his communication, avail himself of the guarded, accommodating, and conciliating language usual with colonization writers and declaimers. After being convinced that the people of color are not to be persuaded to leave the land of their birth, and everything vernacular with them, for ‘regions’ which he tells us are ‘now dark as the valley of the shadow of death,’ he says, ‘I would propose then that Maryland should colonize her own free blacks.’ He does not add the usual qualification, ‘with their own consent:’ he knows this will never be obtained. He therefore says: ‘I earnestly hope that the time is now come when our state will wake up to all the importance of this subject, and will instantly commence a system of measures imperatively demanded by the sternest principles [colonization principles?] of sound policy.’ We would tell this precocious statesman that we are not to be intimidated into colonization ‘measures’ by the angry effusions of his illiberal soul; that we rather die in Maryland under the pressure of unrighteous and cruel laws than be driven, like cattle, to the pestilential clime of Liberia, where grievous privation, inevitable disease, and premature death, await us in all their horrors. We are emboldened thus to speak, not from a reli-

ance on the mere arm of flesh; no—it is in the righteousness of our cause, a knowledge of the attributes of Deity, combined with a consciousness of innocence under suffering, that have inspired us with a moral courage which no oppression shall shake, no fulminations overawe. Our limits will not permit us to expatiate, at this time, on the import of the terms, ‘a system of measures—the sternest principles,’ &c. We would barely remark that the climax of injustice and cruelty, here suggested, nay, recommended, is the legitimate fruit of the operations of the American colonization societies relative to the free people of color. We have always believed that the ‘system of measures’ here recommended, would be the dernier resort of these christian associations. The unmerited abuse, that has been so unsparingly heaped upon us by colonizationists for expressing our opinions of their project as connected with our happiness, their manifest determination to effectuate their object regardless of our consent, abundantly corroborate the opinion we have long since entertained. We turn, however, from the contemplation of the persecution and oppression, which, it seems, are in reserve for us, to notice, briefly, the moving cause of this virulent and relentless attack upon our rights and happiness. ‘The census just taken,’ says A Marylander, ‘admonishes us in the strongest manner, of the necessity of prompt and efficient measures to drain off this description of our population.’ Here then is the patriotic, the benevolent, the christian principle, by which the colonization societies, throughout our land, are actuated. This is the selfish policy of which we complain, and which should be execrated by all true patriots, philanthropists, and christians. Our increase is represented as an ‘alarming evil—an evil,’ said one of our colonization orators in the pulpit, not long since, ‘which threatens our very existence.’ Now, if all this be true, how can they, on their own principles, say we can never be a people in this country? Surely, they are taking effectual steps to convince us, that the enjoyment of our rights in this, our native land, is not only possible, but highly probable. This we have always believed. And we hope and pray, that it may be accomplished in a way sanctioned by the gospel of peace: ‘without confused noise, or garments rolled in blood.’ But this glorious victory over pride and prejudice, by gospel weapons, will never be accomplished by colonization principles. Nor will those ministers of the gospel have any part, or lot, in this matter, who solemnly declare, in the face of heaven and earth, that we can never enjoy, in this country, those inalienable rights of man, whose inviolable preservation promotes the welfare of the whole human family. Such ministers virtually declare that they do not believe the doctrines they are bound to preach; that He, from whom they profess to have received their commission, is, indeed, ‘a hard man, reaping where he has not sown, and gathering where he has not strawed;’ that He requires of them and their flocks, that which they are morally incapable of performing; that they cannot love their neighbor as themselves, or do unto others what they wish done unto themselves, because their Lord, in his wisdom, has given some of their fellow creatures a different color from their own. These temporising, retrograde reformers are doing a serious injury to the people of color. They heed not the warning of Heaven: ‘Do my people no harm.’ They are doing more to strengthen the cruel and unchristian prejudices, already too powerful against us, than all the slaveholders in the Union. They hesitate not to declare, that, in America, we are out of the reach of humanity. They seem to think that the religion of the benevolent Saviour which enjoins, ‘honor all men,’ and which explicitly says, ‘if ye have respect to persons, ye commit sin,’ is nothing more than a dead letter, or must for ever remain powerless, in the United States of America. And have these men the face to contend with the infidels of our land? Why, one infidel, with the bible in his hands, would ‘chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.’ But notwithstanding these discouraging circumstances, our cause will yet triumph. He who is for us, is stronger than all that are against us. ‘The rulers’

of the land may ‘take counsel together,’ and some of the professed ministers of Jesus may ‘come into their secret,’ but ‘He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.’ Fear not then, my colored countrymen, but press forward, with a laudable ambition, for all that heaven has intended for you and your children, remembering that the path of duty is the path of safety, and that ‘righteousness’ alone ‘exalteth a nation.’

A COLORED BALTIMOREAN.

For the Liberator.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Haul down our country’s banner—let its folds Be gathered in, nor float upon the breeze! Our eagle must not soar aloft to-day, But close his powerful wings, and stoop his crest! Ye ‘red artillery,’ your thunders stop! Quench out the thousand fires which wildly blaze Up to the kindling sky from field and hill! It is not meet that the sweet trumpet’s voice Should rouse our sluggish blood and nerve our hearts! Forbear, ye vaunting, fine-spun orators,— Ye mincing fools, all fustian, noise and rant,— To wound our ears with sickening rhapsodies! Be hushed the general shout—let sadness brood Over the land, and joy disperse its smiles! For Liberty lies prostrate in the dust, With hair dishevelled, and with zone unbound; Her cheeks are colorless, save when a blush Of deepest shame doth o’er them fitful steal; And the deep brilliance of her large fair eyes Is now extinguished in a flood of grief;— For here, in this her sanctuary and home, Hath Slavery boldly raised his iron throne; And men, like household goods or servile beasts, Are bought and sold, kidnapped and pirated; Branded with red hot irons, scourged with whips; Laden with chains that pinch their tender flesh; Driven in droves e’en by the capitol; Imported from afar, then secretly Thrown into narrow cells and prisons drear, Till bones and sinews in the market rise;— And government looks tamely on the while, Nor sheds a tear of generous sympathy, Nor moves a finger to relieve th’ oppressed!

Then haul our striped and starry banner down— Our cannon freight not—stop the noisy breath Of heartless patriotism—be our praise unsung. To-day we’ll not discourse of British wrong, Of valorous feats in arms by freemen bold, Nor spit on kings, nor tauntingly call names; But we will fall upon our bended knees, And weep in bitterness of heart, and pray Our God to save us from his gathering wrath; We will no longer multiply our boasts Of liberty, till all are truly free.

G—n.

CRIMINALITY.

To the Editor of the Liberator.

SIR,—The remarks in the Liberator on the 7th number of the Family Circle, have led me to think that it might not be without use farther to consider whether ignorance of duty is an excuse for wrong doing, and whether this excuse may be offered for slaveholders. To begin then with the question, whether ignorance is ever an excuse for wrong doing. Suppose a man to be from any cause so perfectly deluded upon some point, that his conscience dictates to him as the right course of conduct, what, if he judged correctly, he would see to be the very reverse of right—Is he, however, criminal in obeying his conscience? There can scarcely, I think, be two answers to this question. Assuredly he would be criminal if he did not obey, if he did what at the moment of doing it he verily believed to be wrong. Nor if he should afterwards perceive his error, will he feel remorse for having so obeyed. He may feel regret for his mistake or its consequences, but this regret will be unaccompanied by self condemnation. Conscience never condemns that conduct which it had not first prohibited. What constitutes guilt in a moral agent but disobedience to the law within, acting contrary to his own perception of what is right? However misguided conscience may be, still it is our

duty to obey it; it is and must be our rule and law, for we have no other. Thus if a heathen in offering sacrifice to his idol deities, or if St Paul in persecuting the Christians, were actuated by a principle of piety, and were obeying the dictates of their misguided consciences, how could they be criminal?

I have thus considered first what is perhaps the strongest and simplest case, that of a person who believes himself to be absolutely bound in duty to do what a more enlightened conscience would judge to be criminal. But, again, suppose a person simply believes that to be innocent which a more correct judgment would call criminal. How can he be any more blameworthy for committing this act, than any other of whose innocence he is equally, but not more strongly convinced? In both cases, his intention is equally pure. Where then lies the guilt?

It may be said, how can a man be so deluded in his moral judgment without guilt? I reply, that if there be guilt, it lies not in his doing what he believes, however erroneously, to be right, but in that previous course of conduct or of thought which gave rise to the erroneous judgment. For instance, a parent, through misplaced indulgence or severity, injures the disposition of his child. If he does this from selfish indolence, or from passion, undoubtedly he is highly culpable. But if he does it with the sincere intention of promoting his child’s best good, and without a suspicion that he is not pursuing the best means, his conduct is not only innocent but commendable. Yet, perhaps, he might have avoided his mistake, if he had given to the subject of education, and the cultivation of his own mind, the attention which he might and ought to have given. This negligence then was culpable; more or less so in proportion as he was more or less aware of the duty he was neglecting. But the parent whose pernicious mistake arose from ignorance that was unavoidable is in no degree blameable. Surely there is such a thing as unavoidable ignorance; and ignorance not strictly unavoidable, may yet be innocent, in a person to whose mind the thought has never occurred that he was bound to seek for information. Or the neglect of acquiring information may be of a purely general nature, and not particularly blameable on that point in which, in fact, it leads to erroneous conduct. How difficult, then, to judge exactly of the degree of guilt which attaches to an individual in any case of wrong conduct. In no case do we know all the circumstances of extenuation or aggravation, nor could we estimate them if we knew them. The human understanding is not capable of this, and happily this is not required of it. But the general principle, that no man incurs guilt by anything which he does with perfect rectitude of intention, is intelligible and obvious to the common sense of mankind.

‘When we speak of an action as virtuous,’ says Dr Thomas Brown, ‘we speak of it as separated from all those accidental intermixtures of circumstances, which may cloud the discrimination of an individual; when we speak of a person as virtuous, we speak of him as acting perhaps under the influence of such accidental circumstances; and though his action, considered as an action which might have been performed by any man under the influence of other circumstances, may excite our moral disapprobation in a very high degree, our disapprobation is not extended to him. The emotion which he excites is pity, not any modification of dislike. We wish that he had been better informed; and when his general conduct has impressed us favorably, we feel perfect confidence, that in the present instance also, if he had been better informed he would have acted otherwise.’

This latter remark expresses exactly what I should think must be the feeling of every person in relation to Melancthon’s approval of the burning of Servetus. We ‘wish that he had been better informed,’ and are confident that so pure and amiable a character would have decided very differently if he had not been deluded by the spirit of the times.

The innocence of the erring person in every case of absolute ignorance seems so evident, that attempting to prove it tends rather to obscure it; and a little reflection on the subject will produce stronger

conviction than words can. But it must be observed, that the moment a doubt is awakened of the innocence of any course of conduct, ignorance can no longer be pleaded. From that moment, he is guilty if he continues in it without a conscientious and impartial examination. Yet a mere vague and scarcely perceived suspicion cannot be conceived to involve guilt of so deep a dye as acting in defiance of plain convictions. Undoubtedly there is such a thing as dishonest self-deception, involving always more or less of guilt. And there is also such a thing as innocent delusion. For without again calling up the whole heathen world as instances, it is but a mere truism to remark that Christians also, both individuals and whole communities, are subject to strange delusions upon moral subjects. Good men sometimes honestly differ in opinion in relation to conduct as well as on other points. One side or the other must then be in an error. The force of the prejudices of education is proverbial, and the most striking instances of delusion are those where a whole people has adopted some false notion, in which consequently every child must be educated, and these first impressions be continually strengthened by the opinions of those around him. Indeed, except in such cases of general delusion, an individual can scarcely err so widely, for his error would be corrected instead of confirmed by those around him. How such wrong notions first originated, it is not worth while here to inquire; but the fact of their existence is certain, and their permanence when once established is easily understood. The horrible custom of persecution for heresy among Christians is a case in point. Perhaps bad passions were concerned in its origin, and in many particular instances of it. Yet surely there must have been individuals, who having been early taught that this was the proper mode of dealing with those who had committed what they considered the crime of holding false opinions, and having never heard the truth of this doctrine doubted, may have innocently adopted the principle, and innocently put it in practice.

Of course, it is not easy to bring up any similar instance of general delusion in our own times and our own community, because if there be any such, we ourselves are probably partakers in it. Yet there is one case which you and a few others will regard as an instance of such delusion, and which is as general as it is horrible. I allude to the custom of War; and how few there are who doubt its lawfulness! That good men have approved, learned and practised the art of murdering their fellow men is an undeniable fact. The venerable Doctor Worcester, who may be called the apostle of peace, always speaks of the views of men in regard to war as a *delusion*.

And why may not we suppose, that among slaveholders also, many may be under a delusion? that some among them, (I am far from saying all,) may never have been led to question their right of property in their slaves? The amiable writer, to whom I just referred, shewing the same candor on this subject, in which he appears also to have felt a deep interest, says, 'Personal acquaintance would doubtless convince us, that among slaveholders there are many who are amiable in their dispositions, and kind to their slaves; many who deeply regret that slavery ever had existence in this country, and who would rejoice to see the slaves free and happy.' The idea that man can be the property of man is indeed so monstrous, that it would be incredible that any one could seriously entertain it, if there were no instance of similar delusion within our knowledge. But we ought in justice to recollect that these people are habituated from their very infancy to the idea of slaves as property. Before they are capable of reasoning upon the subject, it is fixed in their minds as a part of the established order of nature, that black men are for the use of white. Perhaps it no more occurs to them to doubt it, than to doubt the propriety of using domestic animals. If they have heard that there are people who do doubt it, or deny it, they have heard of this only as one among a hundred other wild opinions which rational people do but smile at and forget, without deeming them worthy of a moment's attention. If we consider how much most people's views and notions are governed by custom and by chance, and how little they reason, this will not appear an improbable account of the case with regard at least to the less enlightened part of a slaveholding community. Moreover, those who do not believe the existence of slavery to be strictly desirable or proper, yet have heard so much of the dangers and difficulties of liberating the slaves, that they believe it to be impossible. Holding slaves, therefore, they believe to be innocent, because unavoidable. And this opinion, like others, maintains its ground, because it has never occurred to them to question it.

Thus perfectly unconscious that in retaining their slaves they are doing anything wrong, in retaining them they commit no crime. But those who keep their fellow creatures in bondage, with a perfect consciousness of the rights they are violating, undoubtedly incur guilt of no common magnitude. And those who are unconscious of them, because they will not see them; who have a suspicion that all is not right, but will not examine because they are fearful of finding a flaw in their title to what they con-

sider their property—surely those are far, very far from being guiltless.

'The love of money is the root of all evil,' and of slavery in particular there can be no question that it is the main support. I suppose there is much not innocent self-deception upon this subject. I suppose, also, that there is much unavoidable ignorance and prejudice, furnishing an entire or partial excuse for slaveholders. But you say, 'whose ignorance makes oppression innocent?' The ignorance of any individual that what he is doing is oppression, or is in any way criminal, may, as I conceive, make him entirely innocent.

Nor can I perceive that this is a dangerous doctrine. No one can avail himself of the plea of ignorance when about to commit a wrong act, for the plea implies a suspicion of the truth which deprives him of it. The knowledge that conscience may be greatly deluded makes it a part of duty to enlighten it, and not indolently to follow the multitude without inquiring whether it is for good or for evil.

The argument against slavery is not weakened by admitting the innocence of those slaveholders, who through unavoidable prejudice view the subject in a false aspect. Let the opposers of slavery endeavor to place it in its true light, and to open the eyes of the community to its enormity, and to their own duty in regard to it. The horrors and injustice of the system, and the guilt of those who with a perception of its injustice continue to uphold it, cannot be spoken of in terms too strong.

'It is only by contending for more than the precise truth,' says Dr Brown, 'that, in many instances, we furnish its opponents with the little triumphs, which seem to them like perfect victory. We give to the truth itself an appearance of doubtfulness, because we have combined it with what is doubtful or perhaps altogether false.'—*Philosophy of the Human Mind*. Thus if those who contend against slavery, insist in unqualified terms upon the wickedness of all slaveholders, people who have personal knowledge of amiable and well-meaning slaveholders, or who perceive the improbability that so large a body of men should be without exception so depraved, are led to question the correctness of principles which are represented as necessarily leading to such a conclusion.

If in the foregoing I have explained my meaning clearly, I cannot but believe that you will assent to the correctness of my positions, and will probably think that I have used more words than were needful for the defence of so very plain a case. But if the reasoning used should appear to you inconclusive, I shall be obliged to you to point out where you think it fails, nor shall I be unwilling to acknowledge that 'I am wiser to-day than I was yesterday.' But be not hasty to charge one who has only truth in view, with *sophistry*, since that word seems to imply a *design* of 'making the worse appear the better reason,'—a heavy accusation which should not be made without some evidence. U. I. E.

✍ Pertinent and just.

A QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Liberator.

SIR—I write at the request of a friend, to ask this question:—Why do our friends, as well as our enemies, call us 'negroes?' We feel it to be a term of reproach, and could wish our friends would call us by some other name. If you, Sir, or one of your correspondents, would condescend to answer this question, we would esteem it a favor.

I was much pleased with your remarks on the absurd practice of placing the people of color behind all others, in our houses of worship. I, Sir, would have gladly sat among the humblest of my despised race; but have been obliged, for conscience' sake, to sit with white Christians; and often as I have met the look of scorn, and heard the whispered remark of 'This bench is for the black people,'—'This bench is for the people of color,' has the tear gathered in my eye, and the prayer ascended from my heart to God, that he would in his own time take away our reproach; and oh! most firmly do I believe he will. This belief alone is sufficient to keep me in the path of duty.

Allow me, Sir, to return you my thanks and the thanks of my friends, for your unwearied and noble efforts in our cause. May Heaven's best blessings rest on you, and on all connected with you, for your sake. Words are too poor to express my emotions of gratitude towards the authoress of the lines, entitled 'The Black at Church,' for expressing in such beautiful language, the sentiments of my heart.—May the Almighty bless her—

'And in her last, extremest need,
When soul and body sever,
For this one act may all her sins
Be blotted out forever.'

ELLAS,
Philadelphia, May 25, 1831.

✍ Here is a disclosure! What will the Editor of the American Spectator say now? Will he give the piece an insertion in his paper, as a commentary upon his proclamation that 'the colored people of Hartford have taken their own cause in fist, and substantial clubs and stones are responding to the wind and words of the Liberator?' We have

received the statement from a respectable man of color.

THE LATE RIOTS.

To the Editor of the Liberator.

SIR—The public mind has been much excited, in consequence of the recent disturbances in our city; but no person has stated their real origin. Statements have occupied a conspicuous place in the columns of various newspapers, to the injury of the respectable part of our colored population. The color of a man's skin disqualifies him for any office, and excludes him from the privileges of society. He is told that he must not expect to be equal in this land of liberty, for it is no home for him: he must be wafted across the Atlantic to Africa, which is his only home. But still we find a strong connexion exists between our colored women and white men, which has created all the riots in this place. A few nights before the assault was committed on the men who were much injured, no doubt part of that gang had some of our colored girls, who were as respectable in the community of color as those of a brighter hue in another circle, but who, through the influence of a number of white profligates, have been made fit subjects for some House of Refuge. In such cases, the man of color would not suffer this sinful conduct, nor would any white man in a reverse of circumstances. The prey was taken from the clutches of these seducers, which gave them much offence, and they were determined to have their revenge. They will not marry our colored women, nor be seen with them in the daytime; but at night they are to be found at all the corners and in all the lanes of the city—the darkness of night covers all distinctions. Go you out, at such a time, into the highways and hedges, and you will find that there is no distinction of colors in this illicit intercourse.

In the midst of much agitation, I must conclude with sentiments of much respect. Yours,
Hartford, May 30, 1831. J. K.

SLAVERY RECORD.

✍ Accounts from St Jago, (Cuba,) via New-Orleans, give intelligence of an insurrection among the blacks, which had been suppressed at the sacrifice of a great number of them in battle—estimated from 2 to 4000!! We presume the story is exaggerated; but, if not, the greater is the quantity of innocent blood to be avenged and washed away.

The account of the execution of 150 colored people at Martinique, is said to be altogether a fiction. One black man and one female had been the only victims during the late disturbances.

The following 'extract of a letter from an intelligent planter, formerly a nullifier, in the neighborhood of Charleston, S. C.,' dated May 2, 1831, is published in the U. S. Gazette. It is a precious confession of the dangerous and desperate condition into which the system of slavery has plunged the southern States.

'Our local situation is dangerous, as respects a visit to and from Charleston.

I could write you a long letter, but why should I trouble you with the cares of my life, when I dare say you have enough of your own to combat; suffice it to say, that for two years past, my plantation and negroes, 40 in number, have not made sufficient to pay my general tax, and yet one must get in debt to clothe and feed them, &c. or else they must perish of want, and die in the woods; and at last, the sheriff, at the will of a creditor, may seize and pay himself. Further, our calamities, as a State, in collision with the general government and foreign prospects, cast a gloom over all our affairs. They say in Paris, 'what is to be done?' So we ask here, and no one can give us an answer, except nullifiers, which I consider *fierce and fruitless*.'

OUR JAIL. There were recently committed to our jail, as slaves, two colored persons who have proved their freedom, but have for the last three weeks been unjustly detained in prison on account of their inability to pay the fees of the jailor. That a fellow creature should be committed to a loathsome prison on a pretence of slavery is deeply regretted by a large majority of the citizens of this District; but we owe this state of things to the States, by whose representatives the laws under which we live are made, and over whom we have no control. The remedy is therefore in their hands. But as these individuals have been detained in defiance of law, we say to their oppressor, LET THEM GO FREE, or we will speak out in a subsequent number.—*Washington City Spectator*.

ENGLAND. Mr F. Buxton had brought forward a motion in Parliament on the subject of Negro Slavery. He argued that Colonial slavery was destructive of human life, and endeavored to show from official returns, that in the fourteen principal Sugar Colonies, the population had decreased 45,000, in ten years!!

A letter from Port Pike, quoted at N. Orleans, states: that a piratical vessel was lying off the Island at the last dates, with three hundred Africans on board, and that the men of that place and of Chef Menteur were prepared to attempt its capture.

JAMAICA.—A Plantation of 3400 acres, containing 190 Negroes, and 100 horned cattle in Jamaica, was sold at auction in London for \$49,000. The auctioneer was constantly interrupted by persons who exclaimed aloud that the sale was irreligious and illegal.

KIDNAPPING.—The Fredericksburg Arena states that a negro boy, named Henry Williams, born of free parents, aged about nine years, and a girl named Sally Trusten, somewhat older, disappeared lately from Westmoreland County, under circumstances calculated to induce the belief that they were kidnapped. Two men suspected of the crime, left the neighborhood about the same time. They had a Jersey wagon drawn by a white horse.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

From the Genius of Universal Emancipation.

WHAT IS A SLAVE, MOTHER?

What is a slave, mother? I heard you say
That word with a sorrowful voice one day;
And it came again to my thoughts last night,
As I laid awake in the broad moon-light;
Methinks I have heard a story told,
Of some poor men who are bought and sold,
And driven abroad with stripes to toil
The live-long day on a stranger's soil,
Is this true, mother?

May children as young as I be sold,
And torn away from their mother's hold—
From home—from all they have loved and known,
To dwell in the great wild world alone,
Far, far away in some distant place,
Where they may never see their parent's face?
Ah! how I should weep to be torn from you.
Tell me, dear mother, can this be true?
Alas, yes my child.

Does the master love the slave child well,
That he takes away in his house to dwell?
Does he teach him all that he ought to know,
And wipe his tears when they sometimes flow—
And watch beside him in sickness and pain,
Till health comes back to his cheek again—
And kneel each night by his side to pray,
That God will keep him through life's rough way?
Alas, no, my child.

Ah, then must the tales I have heard be true,
Of the cruel things that the masters do;
That the poor slaves often must creep to bed,
On their scatter'd straw, but scantily fed;
Be sometimes loaded with heavy chains;
And flogged till their blood the keen lash stains;
While none will care for their bitter cry,
Or soothe their hearts when their grief is high!
It is so, my child.

And is it not mother, a sinful thing,
The bosoms of others with pain to wring—
To bid them go labor and delve the soil,
And seize the reward of their weary toil—
For men to tear men from their homes away,
And sell them for gold like a lawful prey?
Oh surely the land where such deeds are done,
Must be a most savage and wicked one!
It is this, my child.

MARGARET.

✍ Our colored brethren in the city of New-York have had an association in full operation since the 26th of October last, under the title of the 'PHILOMATHESAN SOCIETY,' which has gradually increased in utility as well as numbers. The officers being such as are in similar institutions, are elected annually. In accordance with the constitution, the meetings are held semi-monthly, at each of which, a written question being handed to the presiding officer by any of the members, and approved of by all present, he proceeds to appoint four (two on each side) in succession, as they are entered on the roll, to debate the question at the next meeting. The following is the preamble to the Constitution:

'On what side soever we turn our eyes in search of the principle pursuits which employ the enterprising part of mankind, we find a great portion of them engaged in toiling up the rugged ascent of the 'Hill of Science,' each bearing some mental tribute to the shrine of 'Wisdom's Temple,' placed on its lofty summit;—yet in this search of the 'mind's eye,' we turn in vain to find amongst the aspirants of Wisdom, a proportionate number of our own race, sharing the toils of ascension with their more ambitious neighbors, or contributing their mite to the offering of nations. This want of energy and spirit to shake off a lethargy of mind, (too degrading to be longer endured by rational beings,) having at length engaged the attention of a few associates, determined to erase the inglorious record of the past, by an active future, they hereby solemnly engage to support the following Constitution.'

We shall allude to this association in a future number, in a more particular manner.

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS PLEDGED.—A friend of the American Colonization Society, in Lexington, has pledged himself to pay \$500 to the Treasurer of the Society; to be paid in ten years, in regular annual instalments of \$50 each; in order to aid the Board of Managers in their benevolent enterprise of African Colonization. In pursuance of this pledge, he has sent on to the Treasurer \$50 for this year.

W. LUMINARY.
Will the editor of the 'Luminary' inform us if this 'friend,' himself, is a slaveholder?
Ed. Boston Telegraph.

SLAVERY.—It may not be generally known, that if a slave escape from bondage, and get on board a British ship of war, he is immediately free by the laws of the country.—*London paper*.

BOSTON,

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1831.

The Editor expects to be absent from the city two or three weeks. He will leave the paper under the supervision of a gentleman who is eminently devoted to the cause of emancipation, and who has already contributed largely and ably to the columns of the Liberator.

GENIUS OF UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

The number of this invaluable journal of slavery, for May, is the first of Volume II. Third Series. It is so exceedingly interesting, that we shall copy a large portion of it as soon as possible. In his address to his patrons, friend Lundy very comprehensively says:

'Well—it will be asked: What is the prospect? I answer, much better than formerly, as respects the ultimate success of our exertions; but, little difference with regard to the severity of toil and privation.'

He is to leave home for a few months, and has engaged a friend (whom we know to be well qualified for the task) to superintend the publication of the work during his absence. We wish him great success in his travels.

It appears that through the influence of the Genius of Universal Emancipation, 'six human beings' have been recently liberated from hereditary bondage, by a Mrs Dixon of Arkansas Territory, who was convicted of oppression on perusing the work. She has made a will, bequeathing to them two thirds of all her property; which will is recorded. In view of this event, friend Lundy truly remarks—'This is, of itself, sufficient remuneration to every one concerned, for every dollar that has yet been expended for its publication.'

It gives us pleasure to copy the following paragraph from the Stonington Phoenix:

'The Genius of Universal Emancipation.—This philanthropic and very spirited work now published simultaneously in Baltimore and Washington, under the management of Mr Benjamin Lundy, has just reached its twelfth volume. The editor promises to continue his labors with unabated vigor, and we feel anxious that all who hold the cause of emancipation in high and hearty regard, will so extend the need of patronage to his journal as to enable him to exert the powerful energies of his mind more and more effectively. We are greatly desirous to have his sheet enlarged, and its time of publication more frequent, that his increasingly zealous exertions may be blessed of God and his country with a more widely extended influence.'

We shall publish Friend Lundy's Prospectus next week.

NEW-YORK NATIONAL BAND. This Band, which is composed entirely of colored individuals, is now in this city. We attended their Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music on Monday evening, and have seldom been more gratified than on that occasion. The Commercial Gazette of Thursday contains a tribute to their merit, which a want of room prevents us from transferring to our columns. They are proficient in the science of music, and we trust their visit to this city will not be a pecuniary loss to them. We would suggest the propriety of engaging them to perform two or three evenings upon the Common, and remunerating them by voluntary subscriptions with that liberality which has so long characterized our citizens.

A letter from Port-au-Prince, of April 22, states that some of the leading men would have all the strangers expelled from the Island, and the Haytiens substituted as consignee merchants. This proposition was not well received, and serious disputes had arisen. Benjamin Freneau, 'one of the best talented and noblest among the Haytiens,' had fallen a victim in a rencounter with a son of the Secretary to His Excellency.

THE NATURALIST, for June, appears with its usual promptitude, and is replete with interesting matter. The essays on the Color of Man, and descriptive of the Orang Outang, are instructive and entertaining. There is also a clever article upon the Rose, and a brief history of the Humble Bee.

The Infant School Exhibition in Philadelphia, held recently, must have been extremely interesting.—The U. S. Gazette contains a summary of the proceedings, from which we extract the following paragraph. The Rev. Mr Cookman, in concluding some eloquent remarks, said:

'But the fulness of this day's exhibition has not yet been manifested; let me invite your attention to what has been done for Africa; for poor degraded, abused Africans. At an intimation from the attendant manager, the children of the colored school, stationed in the gallery, then arose. After a very appropriate and highly eloquent appeal for the colored population, the speaker observed, that the whole African infant school was maintained by the liberality of a single individual; who he is, continued Mr C., I know not; the name is concealed from every one but the individuals who are almoners of his bounty. May he, however, enjoy the full reward of his philanthropy; and if now present he will have the happiness of seeing the results of his active benevolence.'

The little colored children then sang a hymn.

The logic of our esteemed correspondent 'U. I. E.' is altogether unsatisfactory to us; but a lack of time and of room compels us to defer a reply until we return from our tour. We take this occasion to renew our thanks for the writer's many valuable contributions to our columns.

The attention of the public is requested to the Proposals, in another column, for a new monthly periodical by Mr William R. Collier. There are a thousand good reasons why it should succeed—and we trust it will.

The American Bible Society has 756 auxiliary societies. The receipts for the last year were \$125,316 79. The number of bibles issued within the year was 171,972; exceeding the issue of the preceding year, by above 41,000 copies; and 20,000 copies of the New Testament have been given to the American Sunday School Union, for gratuitous distribution in the new settlements.

We refrain from giving an abstract of the Rev. Mr May's eloquent and able Discourse on Slavery, on Sabbath evening last, as we expect to be able to obtain a considerable portion of it for a subsequent number.

ITEMS.

Great Natural Curiosity.—The brig Hardy, Capt. Shirley, which arrived here on Tuesday, from Batavia, has on board a living female OURANG OUTANG. She has suffered much on the voyage, and is very sick.

The pirates, Gaudett and Collinet, convicted of mutiny and murder, had sentence of death pronounced upon them by Judge Story in this city on Monday. They are to be hung on the first of July next.

A gentleman of this city, whose lady has not made an addition to his family for five years, was recompensed within a week or two with three fine girls, who with the mother are said to be doing well.

We have news from Europe to the 2d of May. The elections in England go almost entirely in favor of reform candidates. Ireland is in a lamentable state of insurrection. Six Catholic chapels have been destroyed.

The news with reference to the Poles is less favorable.—U. S. Gaz.

The King of England has turned away some half a dozen gentlemen from his household, for voting against reform!

Lord Walsingham, an invalid, was burnt to a cinder, with his extensive mansion, in London, April 26. His lady leaped out of her bedroom window, a very considerable height; in so doing, she broke both her thighs, both legs, and fractured her skull in a most dreadful manner. She did not long survive.

The Duchess of Wellington died on the 24th of April. Sir Walter Scott, it is stated, was very ill, and slight hopes were entertained of his recovery.

The steam-boat Huntress, in descending the Mississippi river about the middle of May, ran foul of the Coosa, and the latter sunk so soon that nine persons on board were drowned!

Markley, the murderer of six human beings in Frederick Co. Md. has received his sentence of death. The manner in which he destroyed his victims was most horrible.

Melancholy Accident.—Wednesday, between 12 and 1 o'clock, three young men were drowned in the North River by the sinking of a boat. Their names were William T. Demeritt, and True Demeritt, (brothers) natives of New-Hampshire, and Patrick Foye, a native of Ireland.—Salem Register.

It is stated that the French Courts have established the right of Catholic Priests to be married.

A colored man who kept a grocery in Waterville, Me. was drowned at Hallowell April 8th, and the body was found 17th inst.

A respectable Fraternity.—Accounts just received from Spain, announce the death of the prior of the convent of Basilus. It appears that the monks of Basilus are reputed gamblers, and in consequence of a dispute arising out of a turn of a card, a quarrel ensued the other night, 'when,' adds the account, 'the prior was found murdered in his bed, with his hands tied!' The ghostly fathers were all taken into custody.

It is stated in the N. Y. Courier that a young gentleman, while waltzing on Monday evening, became suddenly faint, called for a glass of water, and died immediately: the violence of his evolutions is supposed to have ruptured a blood vessel near the heart.

In Kurtztown, Pa. a similar accident occurred 14th ult. On training day the young people had a dancing frolic, during which a young lady, daughter of John Mingle, fell to the floor lifeless. Her death is attributed to tight lacing.

A gentleman in Savannah lately wrote the Lord's Prayer in a circle about the size of a buckshot! This was probably done that it might be got by heart, by such souls as could figure in a quadrille danced upon a thumb-nail.

One of the Mormonite fanatics in Ohio, who had been promised by Smith, their leader, that he should live 1000 years, lately fell sick, and no physician being called he died. The fanatics fled from the house where he lay, but Smith soon gathered them, insisting that Doty would not have died, had he not fallen from the faith!

The Cherokee Phoenix, of 7th inst. states that there is a report, to which they are inclined to give credit, that the President, accompanied by the Secretary of War, intends to visit the Cherokee nation sometime in the course of the ensuing summer.

The American Tract Society report that they have printed during the past year, 68,786,000 pages of tracts, and put in circulation 68,522,704; and that the whole number since the formation of the Society, is 254,479,926. The number of distinct publications on its list, is 571. Receipts during the year, \$42,922 59. Expenditures the same. The whole number of branches and auxiliaries is 908; of which 94 have been added during the year.

Mr Clay and his father.—The Washington Globe asserts that Mr Clay's father was a dancing master and a Baptist preacher. The New-York Gazette thinks, after this assertion, Mr Clay will have to hang up his fiddle.

Ladies of fashion in Paris, to produce the effect of moonlight in their boudoirs, have large blue goblets, in which a night-light is kept burning; they also serve as night-lamps in the sleeping-room.

Sunday Schools.—A note to the last number of the North American Review states, that the original founder of Sunday schools, was Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, in the sixteenth century.

In Sumatra, among the Bataks, if a man is detected in burglary, the owner of the house, by law, may kill and eat him; but if he should catch any body with his wife, he is allowed to eat him alive.

Violent Assault.—John Higgins, a young married man, whose relatives are respectable Irish people, was arrested during the last week, for an assault with a pocket-knife upon a young man named Van Wimer, near the corner of Milk and Broad streets, about midnight of Saturday. It is said that V. had had no previous acquaintance or quarrel with H. and that the assault grew out of his bidding H. 'good evening' as they passed each other, and that the latter took it as an insult. V's wounds are, one over the hip, another in the left side, which was near being mortal, and a third on the arm; but neither is considered dangerous.

In a village in the west parish of Gloucester, containing 130 inhabitants, there are 18 aged 70 years and upwards, 12 of whom average 80. There is not a grog shop within a mile of this village.

In Portsmouth, a drunken woman was lately taken to the almshouse, having been found intoxicated after a night's rest. Her infant lay dead by her side, having been 'overlaid' by its mother, and afterwards pushed out of bed.

Mr Walsh has, in a few words, expressed the pith and marrow of all that ought to be said of Moore's Life of Byron. He says, 'It is the life of a profligate written by an accomplice.'

One of the mammoth children from Duchess county, Susan Trip, lately died in New-York.—She was 8 years old, and weighed two hundred and twenty-seven lbs.

A worthy colored man on board a sloop at Westchester, N. Y. had his foot and the flesh from his leg torn off by being caught in the coil of a rope, a flaw of wind having struck the vessel while making fast at the wharf. His leg was amputated, but he survived only two hours.

A Yankee has lately sold in N. York 1000 lamps, made of curled maple, varnished, a very neat article which he offered at \$5 per dozen.

DIED.—In Framingham, on the 18th of May, of dropsy on the brain, Mr Henry Benson, 41. He has left a wife and two children to mourn his loss. He gave good evidences of piety, and we trust his soul has fled to yonder world to dwell in celestial peace. Com.

PROSPECTUS

OF A NEW PERIODICAL, TO BE ENTITLED THE PHILANTHROPIST; AND MONTHLY TEMPERANCE REPORTER.

THE great success that has attended the efforts for the suppression of intemperance in this country, is a most encouraging indication of the strength of our national character, and the efficiency of our institutions. It has demonstrated that, as a nation progresses in age, it does not necessarily lose its moral energy; that luxury and vice are not the unavoidable attendants of civilization—the compromise by which alone men can associate for social and political objects. It has shown that the moral system under which we live, if allowed to operate, possesses a redeeming spirit—that national, like individual character, may be virtuous or otherwise, as its possessors may decide—that both are influenced by the same causes, subject to the same laws, and possessed of the same accountability—and that, for a young, virtuous, enlightened community to become a corrupt, degraded nation, is equally anomalous and disgraceful as for an intelligent, christian youth to become a hardened and degenerate outcast.

This truth was not, indeed, originated by the temperance reformation; but by this reformation the practicability of what till then remained a theory of doubtful application, was demonstrated. This cheering proof it is, that has revived the drooping hopes of the Christian—animated the philanthropist—and opened to the statesman a new and enlarged field of thought and action. What was before conjecture, has, by the grand experiment alluded to, been changed to reality—and those who hesitated to trust the safety of the republic upon the tossed and boundless ocean of moral influence, now find that PUBLIC OPINION is the instrument by which alone the best interests of community can be secured. They find that this power disdains a secondary rank in the great movements in which we are engaged—that it will be foremost, for good or evil; that attempts to control it by other means than moral influence, are fruitless, and that judicious and zealous effort, thus applied, will produce the most elevated and useful results.

But while the friends of temperance have before them so flattering a prospect, they must recollect that continued and energetic efforts will alone secure it. Much—everything—remains to be done. It is the principle only—the fact that something may be done—which is settled; but the ranks of vice are not

thinned by 'computation'; it requires something more than theory, however plausible, to reform a nation, and render ascendant and permanent the principles of good order and virtue. Facts show, that while a general change has taken place among certain portions of community, the great mass of the evil of intemperance remains untouched. There are yet thousands of our promising youth annually falling victims to the pernicious habit of fashionable and moderate drinking, thousands more of our strong men—husbands, fathers, and valuable citizens—are now under its influence, and suffering in their characters, usefulness and health. Society is yet bleeding at every pore—the monster Intemperance is yet gorging upon its vitals; no avenue of its power is successfully closed—no class of its victims essentially diminished; and the only difference between our condition now, and our condition six years ago, is, that we know the nature, the extent, and the remedy of the evil. But unless we have the moral energy to apply it, truth will lose its power, and we may, as a nation, deprive ourselves of both the will and the ability to reform. The decision and its accomplishment are before us.

The truth of these views will approve itself to the minds of all. For the purpose of aiding in their advancement, the undersigned proposes to establish the periodical above designated. Under such guidance, and animated by that devotion which, in common with every good American, he feels, he respectfully, yet with that earnestness which the necessity of the case requires, asks the support which the friends of temperance are so amply able to give.

The form of a monthly publication has been preferred to that of a newspaper, for various reasons. A temperance paper must necessarily contain much that is foreign to its immediate object, and among the variety of important objects which demand the attention of an editor, some opinions will be expressed calculated to retard the cause. If people take the paper, it must be either to promote its object or for its general value. In the one case, they do not wish to pay for a large quantity of matter which is useless to them: in the other, it must be able to compete with the best and long established papers—an enterprise for which the undersigned has neither the inclination nor ability. Another considerable advantage is, that the Magazine is free from all local character, and its field of usefulness is consequently more extensive. It is less costly, both in price and postage, and all who feel interested in its contents, whether they live in Maine or Florida, may, at a very inconsiderable expense, avail themselves of its perusal. But the chief ground of preference is, that by devotion to this one object, the editor will be able to exert a far greater and more concentrated influence, than if his attention were distracted by the diversified cares of a newspaper. Other important advantages will suggest themselves to the casual observer.

The undersigned was engaged, in the years 1826 and 27, in connexion with his father, Rev. WILLIAM COLLIER, in the publication of the NATIONAL PHILANTHROPIST, the first temperance paper in this country, and probably in the world. The fact—whatever might have been the degree of ability with which it was conducted—the simple fact that a paper was attempted, devoted chiefly to the suppression of intemperance, and having for its motto, 'Moderate drinking is the downhill road to intemperance and drunkenness,' did much towards arousing public sentiment, and laying the foundation of a reform so honorable to the character and beneficial to the interests of this nation. This circumstance is mentioned to show that the present enterprise is not a hasty or ill advised attempt, for the proper execution of which the public have no sufficient guaranty; but that, if the undersigned then wrote much which met the approbation of the friends of temperance, there is good reason to believe it will be productive of profit, honor and usefulness.

The first number will be issued with all convenient despatch, when the public can better judge of the probable character of the work. In reference to the particular plan he may pursue, the editor will only now say that it is designed the work shall appeal both to the understanding and to the heart. Statistics, facts, practical results, everything which industrious argument can suggest to show the folly and enormity of the evil, and contribute to its downfall, shall be faithfully presented—and appeals to the generous feelings of our nature, and its social sympathies, shall not be wanting. By a diligent completion of the outline here given, the subscriber hopes to present a publication inferior in interest and usefulness to no other of similar pretensions and magnitude. W. R. COLLIER.

Boston, May 31, 1831.

CONDITIONS.

1. The Philanthropist shall be issued on the first day of every month, in an octavo form, of sixteen pages, with handsome covers, at one dollar per annum, if paid within the first three months, or one dollar and twenty-five cents, payable on demand after that time.

2. Persons becoming responsible for five copies of the work shall be entitled to the sixth copy gratis; and persons remitting ten dollars in advance, shall receive thirteen copies, and in the same proportion to any larger number.

3. All Secretaries of Temperance Societies are invited to become agents for the work, and shall receive, in addition to the terms offered in the second condition, a farther discount of five per cent.

4. The postage on letters from subscribers must in all cases be paid by them; and no subscription will be discontinued till all its conditions are honorably complied with, except at the decision of the publisher.

A gratuitous addition of eight pages will be made to the first number, in order to furnish more scope for developing the character of the work; and as soon as the subscription list will warrant the expense, the number for each month will contain twenty-four pages.

Subscriptions will be received at the counting room of Mr John Putnam, publisher, No. 3, Cornhill, and letters may be addressed, post paid, to W. R. COLLIER, Boston, Mass.

LITERARY.

For the Liberator.

[It is proper to state, that the following piece was written during the author's incarceration in the Baltimore prison last year. A portion of it is an accurate description of the ceremony which will take place on the Common on Monday next.]

TO —,

On the return of her Birth-Day, June 4, 1831.
[WITH AN EPISODE.]

I.

Whatever hath been said or sung of woman,
(In panegyric, not dispraise, I mean,) —
Whether a Grecian Hebe, or a Roman,
Centres in thee with more than earthly sheen;
Such is thy beauty, grace, wit, worth, that no man,
However cautiously his heart he screen,
Can for a moment gaze on thee unwounded,
Or feel himself not sensibly astounded.

II.

I speak from sad experience. Though near-sighted,
My eyes are mended with a pair of glasses;
So that, no longer groping here benighted,
I curiously observe whatever passes; —
The clear blue sky, so gloriously lighted —
The earth, with all its tragedies and farces —
The roaring, tumbling, ever-changing ocean —
Of shapes and faces, too, I have a notion.

III.

I always like a Boston carnival —
And nothing better than 'election week';
It comes to all a happy annual —
(Tis not too late, in June, its scenes to seek;) —
Schools are vacated — crowded is the mall
With roguish boys, who Latin learn and Greek;
Senate and House are there — per diem pay
Three dollars. Who on such terms would not play?

IV.

Light infantry parade, and that artillery
Whose cognomen is 'HONORABLE AND AN-
CIENT'; —
The ladies form a beautiful auxiliary,
Fairer than summer flowers, and quite as transient;
And so they'd flock in crowds around a pillory —
Most strange to tell! without a voice dissentient:
These creatures have a boundless curiosity,
And are as noted for their fine verbosity.

V.

Upon the common then is put a chair,
Wherein His Excellency staidly sits,
'The lion of the day.' The show is rare,
But ill the lion's dignity befits:
'T is shocking quite to see how people stare!
Some lose their purses, others lose their wits: —
Folks may drink ale or table beer, if handy,
But neither whiskey punch, rum, gin, nor brandy. (1)

VI.

Nathless if you belong to 'good society',
You may obtain admission to the dinner;
And so in flaming toasts drink to ebriety,
And patriotically play the sinner:
On such occasions don't consult propriety —
Unless, indeed, you are a new beginner:
No novice at the table long should tarry,
Lest, striving to get home, his legs miscarry.

VII.

I went to see the show in '27 —
To be precise, about four years ago;
(I think if our first parents had been driven
From Paradise to Boston, their deep wo
Had lost its keenness — no place under heaven,
For worth or loveliness, had pleased them so; (2)
Particularly if they had resided
In that fine house for David S — provided!) (3)

VIII.

That long parenthesis affects the thread
Of this authentic though long-winded story;
How that antithesis got in my head,
I could not tell to win Napoleon's glory;
Some may not like the compliment I've paid;
Others may call me 'flatterer,' or 'tory'; —
'A Federalist dyed deeply in the wool'; —
But when they see the place, their wrath will cool.

IX.

I said I went to view the great parade:
Banners and plumes i' th' wind were gaily danc-
ing;
Each doughty horseman 'drew his battle blade,'
His antic charger furiously prancing;
Roared the artillery — and music played;
Muskets, and spears, and crests, were brightly
glancing:
How grand the Governor! how tall his Aids!
Their epaulets have many silver braids!

X.

I stood beneath a large, umbrageous tree,
Viewing with busy eye the mighty crowd,
That thronged the mall with crushing density,
Their mingled voices turbulently loud;
For every mother's son had come to see —
The wit, the fool, the humble and the proud:
But he who was by many inches tallest,
Had a much better prospect than the smallest.

XI.

Fringing the outward border of that throng,
The gentler sex took a conspicuous station;
Their beauty merited as fine a song
As ever poet sang in any nation:
I cast my eyes this splendid troop along,
And many a face drew forth my admiration;
But one — I knew her not — my proud heart won —
Stately she stood, Perfection's paragon.

XII.

She was a bud of being in the flower,
Opening and ripening 'neath a genial sky;
A fairer ne'er in palace, hall or bower,
Ravished the senses or entranced the eye;
Whom you might scrutinise hour after hour,
Unconscious of the moments that flit by;
And when a farewell glance or two you take,
You feel as if your swelling heart would break.

XIII.

She was the masterpiece of womankind —
In shape and height majestically fine;
Her cheeks the lily and the rose combined;
Her lips — more opulently red than wine;
Her raven locks hung tastefully entwined;
Her aspect fair as Nature could design;
And then her eyes! so eloquently bright,
An eagle would recoil before their light!

XIV.

Night follows day — and rest, long exercise;
The crowd dispersed — the pageantry was o'er;
That lovely object vanished from my eyes —
Should I behold her glowing charms no more?
Was she a being of the earth or skies?
I soon resolved my queries on that score.
Reader, dost thou demand, who was that fairy?
Lend me thy ear — I'll whisper — it was —

XV.

I pray thee, — pardon this digression;
A poet's license hath no limits to it;
Howbeit, I am no rhymist by profession, —
My limping verse most palpably doth show it;
And therefore am I bound to make concession,
For daring, in this guise, to feign the poet:
This is thy birth-day — and I took my pen
Simply to ask for thee God's benison.

XVI.

O, may thy youth be rapturously blest!
Thy riper years be happier than thy youth!
And thy old age as an angelic guest,
Making thy way to heaven serenely smooth!
May no rude hand thy innocence molest,
Nor malice blight thy fame with cankerous tooth!
But fresh-eyed hope and gentle peace attend thee,
And the good Shepherd from all harm defend thee!

XVII.

But if, in passing through this vale of tears,
Sooner or later, in thy path be strown
More thorns than roses; if affliction rears
Her pallid form to weigh thy spirit down;
If scarce a sunny ray thy footsteps cheers;
If friends prove false, and envious rivals frown;
Thy towering virtue shall defy the shock, —
As furious waves dash vainly 'gainst a rock.

XVIII.

Beauty doth not repel, but court Decay;
No sooner is she visible than slain;
So fairest flowers the soonest fade away —
True worth alone its lustre doth retain;
Fortune her favors may dispense to-day,
But on the morrow nothing shall remain; —
To weep, to bleed, to suffer, and to die,
Is emblematic of mortality.

XIX.

This moral seems too sad in its complexion —
To-day wear thou joy's brilliant coronet!
Maternal love and sisterly affection
Shall twine a wreath on thy fair brow to set;
And friendship, too, shall bring a choice collection
Of gifts which charge thee never to forget; —
Mine is a simple lay, on common paper —
'Twill serve at least to light an evening taper.

XX.

Though many a gratulation meet thy ear,
In better phrase, more pleasing in address, —
My humble offering is as sincere,
As warm my wishes for thy happiness!
Perchance another song, another year,
My feelings may more touchingly express;
Till then, unstrung and silent be my shell —
Its dying tone soft murmuring, 'Farewell!'

G—n.

(1) Formerly ardent spirits were sold at portable
grog-shops on the Common; but, for the last four
years, their sale has been prohibited. Of course,
decorum, sobriety and attention are the 'order of
the day.'

(2) Boston is truly a princely city; but her loca-
tion — in the heart of a magnificent landscape — sur-
rounded by the prettiest villages in the world — en-
hances her value a thousand fold.

(3) This is a granite palace, said to be richly fur-
nished within, commanding a proximate view of a
delightful promenade — the Common and Mall — of
which Bostonians are inordinately boastful.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NOBLE ACTION.

'A lady residing at the Mauritius, many years ago, emancipated a slave whose good conduct and fidelity she wished to reward: being in affluent circumstances, she gave him, with his freedom, a sum of money which enabled him to establish himself in business; and being very industrious and thrifty, he soon became rich enough to purchase a small estate in the country, whither he retired with his family: — years passed away, and whilst he was rapidly accumulating money, his former mistress was sinking into poverty; misfortune had overtaken her, and she found herself in old age, poor, solitary, neglected, and in want of the common comforts of life: — this man heard of her unhappy condition, and immediately came to the town and sought her out in her humble abode: with the utmost respect he expressed his concern at finding his honored lady in so reduced a state, and implored her to come to his estate, and allow him the gratification of providing for her future comforts. The lady was much affected at the feeling evinced by her old servant, but declined his offer; he could not, however, be prevailed on to relinquish his design: 'My good mistress,' said he, 'oblige me by accepting my services; when you were rich you were kind to me; you gave me freedom and money, with which, through God's blessing, I have been enabled to make myself comfortable in life, and now I only do my duty in asking you to share my prosperity when you are in need.' His urgent entreaties at length prevailed, and the lady was conveyed, in his palanquin, to the comfortable and well-furnished apartments assigned to her by his grateful care; his wife and daughters received her with the utmost respect, and always shewed, by their conduct, that they considered themselves her servants; deserted by those who had been her equals in her station, and who had professed themselves her friends while she was in affluence, this good lady passed the remainder of her days in comfort and ease, amid those who had once been her dependants.'

A French Schoolmaster in 1750. — 'There he is,' said one of them, as soon as silence could be obtained, pointing to a withered old man, who laid on a little bed in one corner of the apartment. 'Are you the schoolmaster, my good friend?' inquired Stouber. 'Yes, sir.' 'And what do you teach the children?' 'Nothing, sir.' 'Nothing! how is that?' 'Because,' replied the old man, with characteristic simplicity, 'I know nothing myself.' 'Why, then, were you instituted schoolmaster?' 'Why, sir, I had been taking care of the Walback pigs for a great number of years, and when I got too old and infirm for that employment, they sent me here to take care of the children.' — *Memoirs of Oberlin.*

The Blind. — It is stated in the Nashville (Tenn.) Banner, that a gentleman of that town has recently made a valuable discovery in regard to the instruction of the blind. The plan of teaching is represented as completely new; one which will not only enable those deprived of sight to enjoy the benefits of reading, but to record their own ideas by a mode of writing adapted to the sense of touch. Among the other contrivances is a machine which, in the hands of a blind person, will enable him to assist in some profitable employment, while he is acquiring a knowledge of letters. A single wheel may be applied to some useful mechanical occupation, to a process of alphabetical instruction, and to production of harmonious sounds. It is added that the inventor designs to secure for his new discovery the protection of a patent. — *Phil. Gaz.*

MORAL.

FOUR DAYS' MEETING.

A Richmond paper contains the following advertisement:
'Sports of the Pit. — A Main of Cocks will be fought at Northampton Court House, North Carolina, for \$2000, and \$100 on each battle, to commence on Wednesday, the 14th of April next, and continue four days. Each party to show twenty-five Cocks.'

Will any who justify the wicked for devoting *four days in succession* to cock-fighting, or horse-racing, condemn those who delight in the service of the Lord for spending an equal number of days in calling upon his name, and hearing his word? To dance all night, is, with some, a thing quite rational, but to prolong a religious meeting until 10 o'clock at night 'is ruinous to good morals.' To toil six, and even seven days in succession, to acquire riches which are not needed either for maintenance, or luxury, or any other use than that of being hoarded, is a matter rather of praise than of censure, with worldlings, and with some professors of religion too; but to go to church four days in succession, to seek the salvation of immortal souls 'is fanaticism! — is insufferable! — is a violation of the commandment, which says, 'six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work!'

And who are they who thus urge to labor six days without going to church? Why they are generally people who either rarely go to church themselves, even on the Lord's day; or rarely work themselves on any day of the week. They are people who go to the theatre oftener than to the throne of grace.
Philadelphian.

Important Recommendation. — Among other interesting resolutions, the following was unanimously adopted at the late meeting of the National Lyceum in the city of New-York:

Resolved, unanimously, That in the judgment of this Lyceum, a portion of the Scriptures ought to be publicly read *daily* in each common school; and this exercise is hereby respectfully recommended by the Lyceum.

Editors of Newspapers throughout the United States friendly to the perusal of the Holy Scriptures, are requested to publish this recommendation.

The favor of mankind comes too late to those who depend upon it; but the multitude delight to patronize those who have no need of their assistance.

PROSPECTUS

THE LIBERATOR.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

Published in Boston, Mass. and devoted to the cause of African Emancipation.

Emancipation is the order of the day. Glories are beginning to be universally understood, asserted and obtained — that free inquiry is abroad in the earth, shaking the towers of civil and ecclesiastical domination, opening the prison doors, giving freedom to the captive, and regenerating the world. Nations are born in a day. The empires of the old world are in travail with liberty, and revolution is marching onward with an earthquake step, and thrones are crumbling to the dust, and fetters are everywhere falling, and truth is vanquishing error, and nations are joining in marriage, and people of every tribe and tongue and color are shouting, LIBERTY AND EQUALITY NOW — LIBERTY AND EQUALITY FOREVER!

It is right that it should be so. It is right that man should be, as he was made, but 'a little lower than the angels.' To degrade him to the servitude and condition of a beast, is aagrant insult to the Creator, and a war upon mankind. An oppressor is a hateful object; his claims are monstrous; he deserves unmingled execration; he is without excuse.

In this boasted land of equality and republicanism, two millions of human beings are bowed down to the dust under a despotism for which antiquity has no parallel. Their carcasses are daily thrown to the fowls of heaven; their blood drenches the ground which they till; their sighs freight every wind; they are beaten with whips; they are lacerated with red-hot brands; they are torn asunder at the sacrifice of every natural and domestic relation; they are sold like cattle; they are scantily fed with the coarsest aliment; their nudity is but half-concealed by rags. But, more than all, and worse than all this — terrible as it is — they are immortal beings, but the eyes of their souls are put out; they are rational beings, but their intellects are crippled; they are accountable beings, but the light of the gospel is hid from their vision.

It is the design of the Liberator to overthrow this horrible servitude, and to break these fetters. The enterprise is great, but it is not desperate; the difficulties in the way are numerous, but the facilities of victory are more abundant. We expect to conquer through the majesty of public opinion; our hope is on God, and on the moral power of the nation. As slavery in its origin was a national crime, so likewise is its removal a national duty. One State cannot meet it single-handed; one section of the country cannot destroy it. The people, the whole people, must engage in the work, every man, and every woman, and every child. We have all committed the act of oppression, directly or indirectly; there is innocent blood upon our garments, there is stolen property in our houses; and every one of us has an account to settle with the present generation of blacks.

In this country, too, more than three hundred thousand free people of color are virtually deprived of the rights and immunities of citizens. The Liberator will contend earnestly for their complete enfranchisement, and for their social, political, intellectual and religious advancement. It will interrogate public injustice, attack private prejudice, and expose the tyranny of law.

The first number of the Liberator was issued January 1, 1831, without a subscriber. Its patronage has steadily and flatteringly increased, by voluntary subscriptions, up to the present time. Its character is sufficiently developed to render an exposition unnecessary. A portion of the sheet is devoted to literary, miscellaneous and moral subjects, and to domestic and foreign intelligence.

Appalling as is the evil of slavery, the press is able to cope with it; and without the agency of the press, no impression can be made, no plan perfected, no victory achieved. Our appeal is directed to this community — to this State — to New-England — to the whole nation. Shall it be made in vain?

Editors of newspapers, who are friendly to the cause of emancipation, are requested to give this Prospectus a gratuitous insertion in their columns. The favor will be gratefully reciprocated.

GARRISON & KNAPP.

CONDITIONS.

The Liberator is printed every Saturday, on a neat sheet and in a handsome manner, at \$2 per annum. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months.

Every individual who procures and becomes responsible for five subscribers, will be entitled to a sixth copy.

Boston, June 1, 1831.

The wife of James Buckminster of Franconia, N. H. formerly of Walden, Vt. has had NINE children at three births — three at the first, two at the next, and four at the last — all boys, and all living and doing well!! The game began in 1825, and ended in 1831. Their names are Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; Elisha, Elihu, and Enoch; Noah, Samuel and Elijah. — *North Star.*